

BEING THE SUMMER NUMBER
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—*Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.*

THERE is no class of literature so distinctively American as the numerous and varied studies of outdoor life, with its birds and insects, its trees and flowers, that come to us at this season of the year from almost every publisher. Books about American nature are naturally the production of American authors, many of our most delightful writers having dedicated their lives and talents to the observation and description of the feathered songsters and the beautiful butterflies and insects that rival in color the shrubs and flowers of the outdoor world, which have also found their painters, who have delineated their charms with rare artistic appreciation and poetry.

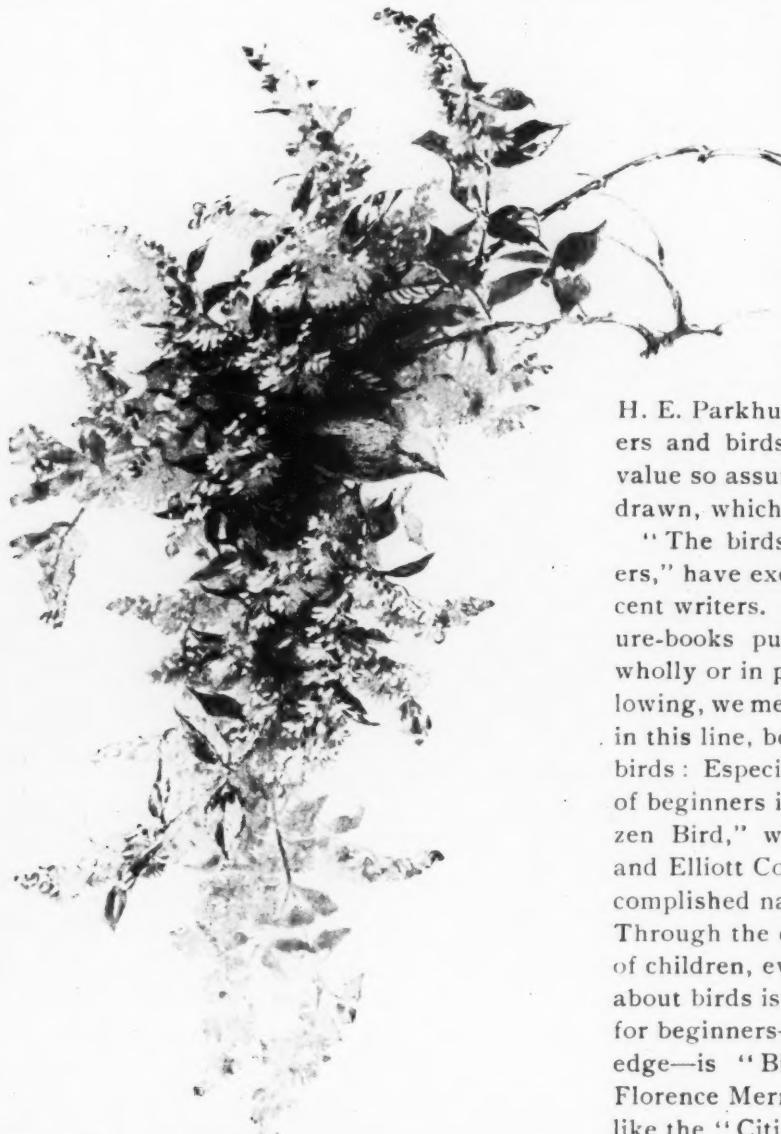
The growing tendency, during the last dozen years, of our men and women to seek recreation in the open air has had a strong influence in the production of books of this kind. A charming handbook of the country through which one rides or walks combines enjoyment and instruction in an unusually delightful manner. Where one study existed, at the beginning of this decade, on a certain subject, a dozen or more are now in the market, all apparently meritorious and each claiming pre-eminence in its special field. To make a complete bibliography of nature-books and books of outdoor

life would require many more pages than are at our disposal, while the bibliography, when finished, would be more puzzling than helpful.

The "survival of the fittest" finds illustration in literature as well as in life. It is the books that still live in the memory, after the first years which saw their birth, that have really vital qualities. Many such have already gone into the ranks of the standards, and are embraced, or should be embraced, in every library collection, be it large or small. Easy as it may often be to borrow or buy the class of books alluded to, we fear they are too generally overlooked in our eager reading of fiction. It is to a number of these we would now call attention, as most excellent and appropriate reading matter for the summer months. And along with the volumes time has placed its stamp upon we shall enumerate the new books of the same class of the past year. If we can persuade an occasional reader to sandwich one of the many charming studies of flowers, birds, and insects in between the reading



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From Gibson's "My Studio Neighbors." Copyright, 1897,
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THE CUCKOO LOOKING FOR A NEST.

of the inevitable novel our object is accomplished.

Thoreau and Burroughs stand among New England writers as the most scholarly and poetical naturalists of the present time. They may be called, too, the American fathers of this school. They have both written a score or more of books that carry the reader into the Maine woods at all seasons of the year, and through the verdant lanes of Massachusetts and other eastern states. With a loving minuteness of observation, they bring before us unlooked-for and unthought-of details of nature. Bradford Torrey, a rambler in Florida as well as in New England, is the author of several books on birds and flowers. Dr. C. C. Abbott has won an enviable reputation through his records of outdoor life in New Jersey as seen through a naturalist's eye. The little library of his works is rich in suggestion and pleasure. The names of Olive Thorne Miller and Celia

Thaxter are household words with the young people and grown folks. The one has told us such delightful stories of her outdoor and indoor pets, and the other has made gardening so interesting, that a glow of pleasure comes through merely recalling their names. Let us add to this list the works of Charles Dudley Warner and of Hamilton W. Mabie, Mrs. W. S. Dana's and H. E. Parkhurst's standard volumes about flowers and birds, and we have a collection of a value so assured that a prize is certain of being drawn, whichever book is bought.

"The birds, great Nature's happy commoners," have excited extraordinary interest in recent writers. A very large number of the nature-books published within a year are either wholly or in part devoted to this subject. Following, we mention the most conspicuous works in this line, beginning with the monographs on birds: Especially adapted to the understanding of beginners in the study of bird-lore is "Citizen Bird," written by Mabel Osgood Wright and Elliott Coues. It is in story form, an accomplished naturalist being the central figure. Through the questions put to him by a group of children, everything, almost, that can be told about birds is brought out. Another bird-book for beginners—young either in years or knowledge—is "Birds of Village and Field," by Florence Merriam, which offers its information, like the "Citizen Bird," in entirely untechnical language. Ten graceful and instructive papers are embraced under "Song-Birds and Water-Fowl," from the pen of H. E. Parkhurst, the author of "How to Name the Birds" and the "Birds' Calendar." William Hamilton Gibson, whose beautiful illustrations of his own works are not their least charm, has produced two lovely volumes—"Eye Spy" and "My Studio Neighbors." They describe not only the curious and eccentric habits of various birds, but of bugs and wasps and beetles, with the flowers of the fields. The animals, insects, and birds most commonly met with in the country are described and pictured in "Familiar Features of the Roadside" and in "Familiar Life in Field and Forest," both by F. Schuyler Mathews. The pictures in both books are beautiful and plentiful and made by the artist-author. The chapters in "Familiar Features of the Roadside" relating to bird-song, and the musical notation illustrating the tones of various songsters, are especially interesting. Previous works by Mr. Mathews still in wide demand are "Familiar Flowers of Field and Garden," to be obtained in a handy pocket edi-

tion, and "Familiar Trees and Their Leaves." Nature on a small farm, with its animal life and its aspects of nature, as well as its birds and flowers, is noted in "Portia's Garden," by W. Sloane Kennedy. Neltje Blanchan's "Bird Neighbors" is an introduction to one hundred and fifty birds commonly found in the garden, meadows, and woods about our homes. It is finely illustrated with about fifty colored plates. "Bird Life," also a guide to the study of our common birds, is out in a new and exquisite edition, illustrated with plates printed in colors. It may be noted here that Mabel O. Wright's "Bird Craft" is offered in a new cheaper edition. Apgar's "Birds of the United States, East of the Rocky Mountains," is simply a key in untechnical language; Scott's "Bird Studies" is an account of the land birds of Eastern North America, having a distinctive feature in its photographs from live birds and its views of nests in their original positions. Two works by F. M. Chapman—"Bird Life," a guide to the study of our common birds, and "Handbook of Birds of Eastern North America"—are well known and also most helpful assistants in the "bird" field of study. Chiefly for sportsmen are Cory's "How to Know the Ducks, Geese, and Swans" and "How to Know the Shore Birds of North America," and Elliot's "The Gallinaceous Game Birds of North America." All three books aim to fill a popular want. Dr. C. C. Abbott's "The Freedom of the Fields" embraces outdoor studies on the changeful aspects of nature and the birds likewise. Allen's "Nature's Diary" is a compilation of extracts from the writings of Thoreau, Burroughs, Torrey, Emerson, and Whittier, with a calendar of the arrival of birds and the first blooming of flowers. For all who seek in nature merely artistic enjoyment, Prof. Van Dyke, the scholarly art critic, has written a charming work called "Nature for its Own Sake," its sole object being "to point out what things in nature are beautiful and to show why they are so."

The immense Florida region occupied by the Seminoles, and never before penetrated by a white man, was explored in the winter of 1896 by Lieut. H. L. Willoughby, and his observations printed recently in a volume, "Across the Everglades." Its vivid narrative is a delightful compound of information and amusement,

being made up of personal adventure and descriptions of the stunted growths and sparse islands of the great watery waste. It offers instructive reading not to be found elsewhere.

A work by John Rowley, Chief of the Department of Taxidermy in the American Museum of Natural History, on "The Art of Taxidermy" finds place here. The book represents the latest advances in taxidermy as an art and as a science. It introduces new features into the art which have not been described in print before.

A little series that has done much to popularize botany, ornithology, and natural history is *Appleton's Home-reading Books*. Among its numbers are Baskett's "Story of the Birds"



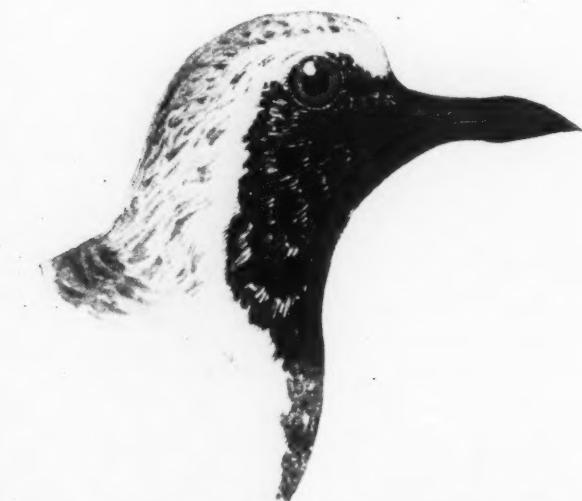
From "Across the Everglades," Copyright, 1898, by Hugh L. Willoughby.
(J. B. Lippincott Co.)

THE AUTHOR IN THE EVERGLADES.

and L. S. Keyser's "News from the Birds." The latter claims to tell "some new facts about bird-life that have not yet been recited." Other recent volumes in the series, which is intended for elementary instruction for young or old, are Mrs. Hardy's "The Hall of Shells," Bayliss's "In Brook and Bayou," Beard's "Curious Homes and Their Tenants," Troeger's "Har-

old's Rambles," and Parker and Helm's "On the Farm."

Works for general reading on insects are Clarence Moores Weed's "Life Histories of



From "How to Know Shore Birds" Copyright, 1897, by Charles B. Cory. (Little, Brown & Co.)

BLACK-BELLIED PLOVER, IN SUMMER.

American Insects" and "Stories of Insect Life" (being more of an elementary character than the first-named book), Comstock's "Insect Life," and Denton's elaborately illustrated "Moths and Butterflies of the United States," of which two sections have been published.

The flora of the United States has attracted students in all its many opposing sections. Simple little books of an especial charm are M. W. Morley's "Flowers and Their Friends" and "A Few Familiar Flowers," and Bailey's "First Lessons with Plants." The Pacific Coast's shrubs and plants are the subjects of

Rattan's "West Coast Botany" and "Exercises in Botany," and M. E. Parsons's "Wild Flowers of California." Britton's and Brown's "Illustrated Flora of the Northern United States, Canada, and the British Possessions," of which the second volume is just issued, is a very elaborately prepared work, richly illustrated. Very nearly the same may be said of Newhall's "Vines of Northeastern America."

The silver lining in our war cloud is perhaps the enforced residence of the great army of migratory Americans in their own country this summer. With the aids we offer them for study, they will be surprised to learn that America has skies as blue as those of Italy, mountains as grand and picturesque as those they journey to Scotland and Switzerland to feast their eyes upon, and a flora and fauna more variegated and richer than can be boasted of by any other country on the face of the globe. Even if our lines are cast within city limits during the hot months, the resource of books for study and enjoyment is always happily within our reach. So let us forget the horrors of a present war as far as we can, woo peaceful thoughts from printed pages — "nor heed the rumble of a distant drum."

Besides the books on nature that we have especially dwelt upon, other reading matter of recent date is given under "Books for Summer Reading." Here are lists of "Books on Nature," of "Works on Description and Travel," "The New Novels," "Works on Outdoor Sports and Exercises," "Card Games, Billiards, etc.," and "Miscellaneous Books," which include some war books of a timely but scarcely summery nature.



From "Familiar Life." Copyright, 1898, by D. Appleton & Co.

AN OLD FAMILIAR FRIEND.



From "Caleb West."

Copyright, 1898, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"VICTORY IS OURS."

A Diver at Work.

From Hopkinson Smith's "Caleb West." (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

THE diver sank slowly out of sight, his hammer in his hand, the air-bubbles from his exhaust-valve marking his downward course.

As Caleb sank, he hugged his arms close to his body, pressed his knees together, forcing the surplus air from his dress, and dropped rapidly toward the bottom. The thick lead soles of his shoes kept his feet down and his head up, and the breast-plates steadied him.

At the depth of twenty feet he touched the tops of the sea-kelp growing on the rocks below—he could feel the long tongues of leaves scraping his legs. Then, as he sank deeper, his shoes struck an outlying boulder. Caleb pushed himself off, floated around it, measured it with his arms, and settled to the gravel. He was now between the outlying boulder and the Ledge. Here he raised himself erect on his feet and looked about: the gravel beneath him was white and spangled with starfish; little crabs lay motionless, or scuttled away at his crunching tread; the sides of the isolated boulder were smooth and clean, the top being covered with waving kelp. In the dim, greenish light this boulder looked like a weird head—a kind of submarine Medusa, with her hair streaming upward. The jagged rock-pile next it, its top also covered with kelp, resembled a

hill of purple and brown corn swaying in the ceaseless current.

Caleb thrust his hand into his haversack, grasped his long knife, slashed at the kelp of the rock-pile to see the bottom stones the clearer, and sent a quick signal of "All right—lower away!" through the life-line, to Lacey, who stood on the sloop's deck above him.

Almost instantly a huge square green shadow edged with a brilliant iridescent light sank down toward him, growing larger and larger in its descent. Caleb peered upward through his face-plate, followed the course of the stone, and jerked a second signal to Lacey's wrist. This signal was repeated in words by Lacey to Captain Brandt, who held the throttle, and the shadowy stone was stopped within three feet of the gravel bottom. Here it swayed slowly, half turned, and touched on the boulder.

Caleb watched the stone carefully until it was perfectly still, crept along, swimming with one hand, and measured carefully with his eye the distance between the boulder and the Ledge. Then he sent a quick signal of "Lower—all gone" up to Lacey's wrist. The great stone dropped a chain's link; slid halfway the boulder, scraping the kelp in its course; careened, and hung over the gravel with one end tilted on a point of the rocky ledge. As it hung suspended, its lower end buried itself in the gravel near the boulder, while the upper lay aslant up the slope of the rock-covered ledge.



From Peary's "Northward Over the Great Ice." Copyright, 1898, by Frederick A. Stokes Company.

DISMANTLING THE BRIDGE.

Hunting the Walrus.

From Peary's "Northward Over the Great Ice."
(Stokes.)

I WAS already within range, and springing to my full height, with a motion that called every muscle from scalp to toes into play, I hurled my harpoon at the nearest, a big bull that had plunged directly at the boat. The heavy shaft with its trailing line flew through the air, and caught the huge fellow fair in the shoulder, the iron-edged head pierced the tough hide, the shaft disengaged itself and floated loose, and with a roar the animal disappeared in a vortex of blood-stained foam and water.

Rapidly I tossed the remaining coils of line overboard. The boat's headway had now carried her close to the ice, and she was dancing like a cork in the waves made by the plunging animals. The next instant the ponderous brute, with the momentum of a hundred feet of pain, rage, and fright-inspired motion, set the line taut, and changed it from a sinuous, flexible thong to a vibrant rod of steel singing like a deep eolian, with a fierce note that sent every drop of blood leaping through my distended veins and set every nerve and fibre in my body quivering with suppressed excitement.

The boat reeled, quivered, whirled as on a pivot, her bow crashed into the ice with a shock which sent my excited Eskimo crew sprawling on their backs between the thwarts, then slid off, and the next moment we were tearing through the water boiling under our stern.

For the first few yards, only the head of the animal to which we were fast was visible; then, with a rush and a splash, the herd rose like one animal close to and all about the boat. What savage-looking brutes they were! Their great heads, armed with gleaming white tusks, their small, deep-set, bloodshot eyes, and their thick, bristle-studded lips, opening to give vent to the most vicious roars.

A well-directed volley from the two Winchesters at the most pugnacious of the animals, Lee taking one side of the boat and I the other, sent the herd under again, and enabled me to cast a rapid glance about me to see that everything was all right, and that we were not in danger of being smashed against any of the ragged cakes of ice which lay in our swift course.

The respite was only for a moment, but it gave us the opportunity to replenish the maga-

zines of our rifles, and when the herd again, with a simultaneous rush that threw their bodies half out of the water, rose roaring among the oar-blades, the flash of the rifles in their very faces and the bullets crashing against their massive heads sent them under again.

Several times after this they returned to the attack, but even their iron skulls and savage pertinacity were no match for the almost continuous fire of our Winchesters, and at last, with three or four of their number dead and several others leaving crimson trails behind them, the herd left the boat and gathered about the one to which we were fast.

Then, as opportunity offered, when the captive animal rose to the surface again, a single bullet from my three-barrel penetrated the base of his skull. There was an interrupted bellow as his head sank into the water, a few big bubbles rose to the surface, and then the dead weight of two tons settled slowly upon the line, until it hung straight down from the bow of the boat, while the remainder of the herd dashed, roaring and bellowing, away among the icebergs. The struggle was at an end.

Two Girls and a Calf.

From Stockton's "The Girl at Cobhurst." (Scribners.)

IN a corner of the lower floor of the barn they found the calf, lying upon a bed of hay, and covered by a large piece of mosquito netting, which Miriam had fastened above and around him. Dora laughed as she saw this.

"It isn't every calf," she said, "that sleeps so luxuriously."

"The flies worried the poor thing dreadfully," said Miriam, "but I take it off when I feed it."

She proceeded to remove the netting, but she had scarcely done so when she gave an exclamation that was almost a scream.

"Oh, dear—oh, dear!" she cried; "I believe it is dead," and down she sat upon the floor close to the calf, which lay motionless, with its head and neck extended. Down also sat Dora. She did not need to consider the hay-strewn floor and her clothes; for although she wore a very tasteful and becoming costume, it was one she had selected with reference to barn explorations, field strolls, and anything rural and

dusty which anyone else might be doing, or might propose. No one could tell what dusty and delightful occupation might turn up during an afternoon at Cobhurst.

"Its eye does look as if it were dead," she exclaimed. "What a pity!"

"Oh, you can't tell by that eye," said Miriam, over whose cheeks a few tears were now running. "Dr. Tolbridge says it has infantile ophthalmia in that eye, but that as soon as it gets strong enough he can cure it. We must turn up its other eye."

She took the little creature's head in her lap, with the practicable eye uppermost. This slowly rolled in its socket as she bent over it.

"There is life in it yet," she cried; "give me the bottle." The calf slowly rolled its eye to the position from which it had just moved, and declined to consider food.

"Oh, it must drink; we must make it drink," said Miriam. "If I open its mouth will you put in the end of that tube? If it gets a taste of the milk it may want more. We must not let it die. But you must be careful," she continued. "That bottle leaks all round the cork. Spread part of my skirt over you."

Dora followed this advice, for she had not considered a milk-stained lap among the contingent circumstances of the afternoon. Holding the bottle over the listless animal, she managed to get some drops on its tongue.

"Now," said Miriam, "we will put that in its mouth, and shut its jaws, and perhaps it may begin to suck. It will be perfectly dreadful if it dies."

The two girls sat close together, their eyes fixed upon the apparently lifeless head of the bovine infant.

"See!" cried Miriam, presently, "its throat moves; I believe it is sucking the milk."

Dora leaned over and gazed. It was indeed true; the calf was beginning to take an interest in food. The interest increased; the girls could see the milk slowly diminishing in the bottle. Before long the creature gave its head a little wobble. Miriam was delighted.

"That is the way it always does when its appetite is good. We must let it drink every drop if it will."

There they sat on the hard, hay-strewn floor, one entirely and the other almost entirely covered with purple silk, their eyes fixed upon the bottle and the feeding calf. After a time the latter declined to take any more milk and raised its head from Miriam's lap.

"There," she cried; "see, it can hold up its own head. I expect it was only faint from want of food. After this I will feed it oftener. It was the bread-making that made me forget it this time."

The Interminable Forests.

From Swineford's "Alaska." (Rand, McNally & Co.)

ANOTHER important and natural resource of Alaska will be found in her vast and seemingly interminable forests, in which the spruce-pine, hemlock, and red and yellow cedar predominate. The trees, especially the spruce, grow to large size, particularly so in the valleys and along the banks of the creeks and rivers of the southeastern section. The fact that the trees growing immediately on the coast of the mainland and of the islands are generally small and low-limbed leads the casual observer, looking at the country from the deck of a passing steamer, to the natural conclusion that there cannot be any really good timber in the territory; but a very short walk back from the shore will serve to disabuse his mind in that regard. He will see spruce-pines from five to eight feet in diameter, perfectly straight, and without a limb below a height of from fifty to seventy-five feet, and hemlocks and cedars nearly, if not quite, as large. The spruce makes excellent lumber, very similar to the southern pine, while the yellow cedar is specially adapted to the manufacture of the finer grades of cabinet ware. But, were it otherwise, were these great forests practically worthless from a lumber-



From Swineford's "Alaska." Copyright, 1898, by Rand, McNally & Co.

A MOUNTAIN TRAIL.

producing point of view, they will yet be found of inestimable value in connection with the mining industries of the territory, to the successful operation of which a cheap and abundant supply of timber is a most important essential. They are, however, of otherwise great prospective value, and will sooner or later be made to furnish a large part of the lumber needed to supply the home demand.

The Awesome Rock of Ayrshire.

From Keeerton's "Nature and a Camera." (Cassell & Co., Limited.)

WE discovered that the "awesome rock" was rented by two brothers, one of whom lived on it and the other in the town; the former showing visitors over the rock and the other conveying them forth and back in a small steam-boat. I hunted this worthy man out, and told him that we wanted to run over to the Craig very early in the morning. With a little gush of that kind of natural amiability one meets with in men anxious to do business pleasantly, he gave himself away, and said :

"I'll just take ye ower anny time ye like, sir."

My reply staggered him visibly.

"You are the sort of man for my money. We'll start at two o'clock in the morning," I exclaimed.

"Oh, that's varry 'arly!" he ejaculated. "I canna mak' steam much before that 'oor, even if I sit up the neet."

I was anxious to maintain the advantage I had gained by his unguarded offer, so pointed out that he would get back in such good time as to enable him to sleep all the afternoon. He finally assented, and we crept out of the harbor and away across the nine or ten miles of choppy sea dividing us from the great weird pillar of rock standing high, gaunt, and gray out of the ocean.

We all had breakfast with Craig Girvan, and greatly enjoyed his fried guillemots' eggs, bread and butter, and large cups of tea, mollified with rich goat's milk.

We ascended the great crag under the guidance of the brother who lives in it. He seemed very doubtful about my ability to visit the ledges whereon the gannets breed, but when I convinced him of my determination to do what he and anybody else did he led the way upwards, and by way of making me feel the hazardousness of the undertaking he pointed out one place where he had himself sustained a fall. After we had taken a number of photographs on the very brink of the awful cliff, while poor old Girvan sat on the steep hillside above and swore by all the saints in the calendar he would never get us off the Craig alive, we descended to the landing-place again, much to the good-natured old man's delight.

When we reached safety he became quite jolly, and turning to my brother with a great air of mock sincerity, he said :

"Mr. Keeerton, I have a varry pertekilar request to make."

"What's that?" my brother inquired.

"If you take my photograph, for goodness' sake dinna promise to send me one; then it may come. I have had scores of amateur photographers on the Craigs, including many meenisters, and most of them have taken my likeness and promised to send me a copy, but never a one has reached me."

The Birds in Sulky Convocation.

From "In Garden, Orchard, and Spinney." (Dutton.)

A THRUSH flattens itself upon the ground, stretches its head out as far as its neck will let it, and cries "Keek-keek" at another thrush. This aggravates the other thrush. The black-birds puff themselves out, droop their wings, and spread and shut their tails like fans, and proceed to blows. The greenfinches open their beaks, and, with outspread wings, hiss at one another; and the robin,

"Always of an equal flame,
To fight a rival or to court a dame."

falls in with the prevailing humor, and, spying another redbreast, flies full tilt at him, and thereby commences a feud which will last all the morning, with intervals of defiant challenge-singing from opposite apple trees, and much pretty tournament work upon the turf, and infinite chasings of each other in and out the shrubbery. I know no other birds of ours that will keep up a quarrel at such a level of pugnacity, for such a long time, as two cock-robin. I never see this bird without remembering the delicious legend, universal in England, of the intrigue of the robin with the wren :

"O! Robin, joly robin!
Tell me how thy leman doth."

Nor, seeing the wren—surely the sweetest of our birds, with its charming song and its lovely plumage and fascinating ways, and yet so exquisitely funny—can I help laughing when I think of that scandal. Not that bird-society was shocked out of all sympathy, for when Redbreast is killed and Jenny follows his corpse in tears to the grave "all the birds of the air"

"fell a-sighin' and a-sobbin'
For the sad, sad death of poor Cock Robin."

The "Florette" in a Storm.

From "The Paper Boat." (Mansfield.)

BUT nature was about to awaken from this heavy sleep, and that in no smiling mood. The elements seemed hushed, as though in expectation of some dreadful crisis. It was a silence that could be felt; a hushed and dread expectancy, as though nature held her breath. The lead-colored sky, reflected in the lead-colored sea, grew darker and darker toward the inky horizon-line, which stood out hard and clear, as though but a stone's-throw distant.

"Presently fickle catpaws began here and there to darken the dull sea-surface, but only to die away again swallowed up by the breathless and oppressive calm. Not a sound was to be heard but the monotonous flap of the idle canvas and the sullen lapping of the swell against the hot sides of the yacht. The air was heavy with the breath of the storm. Suddenly, with a crash, the whole firmament was rent from the zenith to the horizon-line with a blinding flash of forked lightning, followed instantly by a deafening report like that of ten thousand great guns simultaneously discharged, ending in a tearing, crashing, rending sound, as though the pillars of heaven were broken. Annette clung to her sister, and James stood anxiously waiting for the wind. For a moment there was a dead silence, and then with a loud hissing sound came the deluge of rain, rushing with the sound of many waters. With the rain came the fierce wind, lifting the sea-feather

white before it like snow driven before a winter gale, and yet withal, leaving the water flattened down in its track, as though swept by a brush.

"As the fierce squall struck the little vessel a couple of points before the beam she heeled down and down until the water was nearly up to the combing of the well. The two girls clung to each other, thinking that the *Florette* must capsize, but James threw the mainsheet off the cleat to which it had been made fast, and, relieved of the pressure of her after canvas, the little vessel gradually answered her helm as she gathered away, and in a few moments was flying before the blast of the squall, with the boiling foam hissing past her sides as she staggered onward. Each dark swollen thread of saturated canvas seemed strained to bursting point and the running gear, but lately slack with heat and dryness, was now like bars of iron....

"The flash and crash of lightning and thunder followed now in quick succession, the blinding streaks of lightning playing in fantastic zigzags from every point of the murky heavens. The horizon was blotted out with driving sheets of rain, except where here and there the dazzling lightning quenched its fierce light where sea and sky met, and all the while the hissing of the rain upon the livid surface of the sea formed a continuous accompaniment to the crash and rattle of the thunder. For nearly an hour the yacht flew, staggering before the storm, but gradually the air grew clearer astern and the clouds overhead began to open out into gray flaky masses. Anon, a patch of blue appeared, which gradually spread as the rain ceased. The brilliance of the lightning grew less dazzling in the distance, and the thunder died away in sullen grumblings as the storm rolled away to leeward, leaving the *Florette* gladly cleaving her way through the summer sea before the cool draught of the westerly breeze. The island was no longer visible, and with a fair wind, the little yacht made rapid progress. The bright sunshine soon dried the saturated sails and slackened the cordage."

Strange Reading for a Monastic Little Body.

From "Via Lucis." (Richmond.)

ARDUINA's eyes dropped a moment to the open page on her knees. It was the Interlude in Swinburne's "Poems and Ballads." Strange reading for so monastic a little body!

"There you are again; I shall hide your book. What is it? English, of course, that I may not understand."

"I thought you knew English, from your sending me to Jericho so neatly the other day."

"Oh! you remember that? I hope you were not offended? An English lady taught me the phrase. I can manage naval books and pamphlets, but poetry is beyond me."

"This is easy." He read a line or two.

"You haven't a bad accent."

"So your friend Gabriella says. She offered to give me lessons—I think her aunt objected. Shall I read on? Will you correct me if I mispronounce?"

He read a little more.

"Don't say something, you can get the t, h, all right when you remember. . . . Make a round shut o in golden, like our



From "Via Lucis."

Copyright, 1898, by George Richmond & Son.

KASSANDRA VIVARIA.

o, u, you unmusical man !

"What is meadow-sweet, Signorina?"
She explained.

"Oh," turning the book over the thumb he had put between the pages for a mark, "this is exquisite poetry! Whose is it?"

"Swinburne."

"Never heard of him."

"He is known enough, though. There is a suggestion of d'Annunzio about him, if you want to know what he is like. They have many things in common, views on art and all that. I am very fond of him."

"Will you lend it to me?"

"With pleasure; only you will bring it back in despair. It is not all as easy as this."

"I will try to make it out. How sweet this is:

"By the dawn and the dew-fall anointed,
You were queen by the gold on your head."

"Very sweet, only say queen, not quin."

He went on reading—to himself now.

"What is a *stile*, exactly?"

"A kind of passage over barriers in the fields, with a step. They have none here."

She occupied herself with her own thoughts while her companion read.

"In the infinite spirit is room
For the pulse of an infinite pain,"

she murmured as he closed the book.

"What were you saying?"

Arduina repeated the two little lines, and as she said them very slowly, for him to understand, there was a musical drag on the second *infinite* that made them impressive.

"It is true, that," said Prospero, as he adjusted his beard. "Shall I find it here, too?"

"Yes, in a poem called *Satia te Sanguine*. It is marked by a turned-down leaf."

He put the book down on the tea-table behind him.

"Will it annoy you if I smoke?"

"Oh, no! Give me a cigarette, too. I got into the bad habit of smoking when I was almost a child, and I can't break myself of it all at once."

"Why should you? Few things are prettier than the sight of a pretty woman who smokes gracefully."

He passed her a Melachrino.

The Fairest Island of the Tropics.

From Richard Harding Davis' "Cuba in War Time."
(Russell.)

In the days of peace Cuba was one of the most beautiful islands in the tropics, perhaps in the world. Its skies hang low and are brilliantly beautiful, with great expanses of blue, and in the early morning and before sunset they are lighted with wonderful clouds of pink and saffron, as brilliant and as unreal as the fairy's grotto in a pantomime. There are great wind-swept prairies of high grass or tall sugar-cane, and on the sea-coast mountains of a light green, like the green of corroded copper, changing to a darker shade near the base, where they are covered with forests of palms.

Throughout the extent of the island run many little streams, sometimes between high banks of rock, covered with moss and magnificent

fern, with great pools of clear, deep water at the base of high waterfalls, and in those places where the stream cuts its way through the level plains double rows of the royal palm mark its course. The royal palm is the characteristic feature of the landscape in Cuba. It is the most beautiful of all palms, and possibly the most beautiful of all trees. The cocoanut palm, as one sees it in Egypt, picturesque as it is, has a pathetic resemblance to a shabby feather duster, and its trunk bends and twists as though it had not the strength to push its way through the air and to hold itself erect. But the royal palm shoots up boldly from the earth with the grace and symmetry of a marble pillar or the white mast of a great ship. Its trunk swells in the centre and grows smaller again at the top, where it is hidden by great bunches of green plumes, like monstrous ostrich feathers that wave and bow and bend in the breeze as do the plumes on the head of a beautiful woman. Standing isolated in an open plain or in ranks in a forest of palms, this tree is always beautiful, noble, and full of meaning. It makes you forget the ugly iron chimneys of the *centrals*, and it is the first and the last feature that appeals to the visitor in Cuba. The physical appearance of the country since the war began has changed greatly. As it is today it will take ten years or more to bring it back to a condition of productiveness.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

From "Songs of Two Peoples." (Estes & Lauriat.)
THAT ocean-guarded flag of light, forever may it fly!
It flashed o'er Monmouth's bloody field, and lit McHenry's sky;

It bears upon its folds of flame to earth's remotest wave
The names of men whose deeds of fame shall e'er inspire the brave.

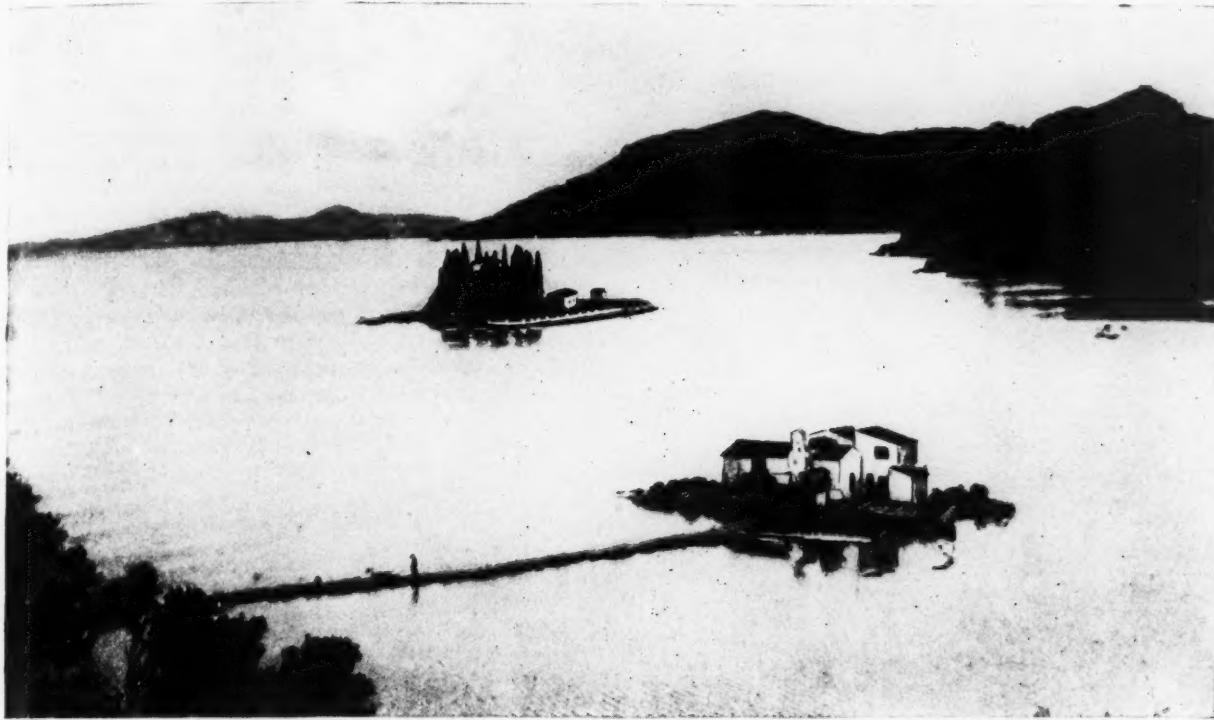
Timbers have crashed and guns have pealed beneath its radiant glow,
But never did that ensign yield its honor to the foe!
Its fame shall march with martial tread down ages yet to be,
To guard those stars that never paled in fight on land or sea.

Its stripes of red eternal dyed with heart-streams of all lands;
Its white, the snow-capped hills that hide in storm their upraised hands;
Its blue, the ocean waves that beat round Freedom's circle shore;
Its stars, the print of angels' feet that shine for evermore!



From "Cuba in War Time." Copyright, 1898, by Robert Howard Russell.

SPANISH CAVALRY.



From "The Isles and Shrines of Greece."

Copyright, 1898, by Samuel J. Barrows. (Roberts Bros.)

THE SHIP OF STONE.

My Frieze of Goats.From "The Isles and Shrines of Greece."
(Roberts.)

I AM the owner of seven goats. I own them just as I own the Parthenon, the Areopagus, Lycabettus, or Pentelicus. They are mine because I have appropriated them—not their milk, their hair, or their skins, but the whole goat, horns, beard, hoof, and all. I do not mean gastronomically, but optically. Cows in Athens are rare, but goats and donkeys are numerous. I will not say that the goat's milk flows like water, for that would be to cast doubts upon the honesty of the milkman; but it flows in sufficient quantity to return a good revenue of coppers to the herdsman. One of the commonest sights in Athens is that of six or eight sober-looking goats marching through the streets, driven by a goatherd, who carries the milk measure in his hand. He has a regular route morning and afternoon. When he comes to the house of a customer he milks one of the goats, receives the milk in his measure, and pours it into the servant's pitcher. There are a few cow-stables; but goat's milk is the fashion in Athens, and, in fact, all over Greece. It is no new fashion, but, like many other customs of this people, goes back through centuries.

On the opposite side of the street from my room was a small garden, with a wall about four feet high, made of nicely fitted slabs of stone surmounted by an iron railing. Twice a day the goats solemnly came down the broad street, crossed to the other side, and ranged themselves along this garden-wall. During the winter they served as a semi-diurnal clock, and also as a zoölogical thermometer. When I looked out of my window of a morning and found the goats there, I knew it was seven

o'clock. If they hugged the wall closely, I knew it was windy; if one of them wore a blanket, I knew it was cold. In milder weather, one or two of them might venture into the middle of the sidewalk; but they were seldom more than a foot or two from the wall, and most of them stood against it as closely as if they were posing for a Parthenon frieze. One of their peculiarities was that they never faced all the same way. It was most natural for them to halt with their heads in the direction toward which they were going, which was always toward Lycabettus, but two and sometimes more of them always turned round and faced the Acropolis. Whether this was for artistic or archæological reasons, or whether it was because goats are often more adversative than conjunctive, I did not discover; but I never found more than six heads facing the same way, and usually but three or four.

There are some advantages in driving the herd of goats to the customers. The milk is fresh. There is no danger of getting yesterday's draft instead of to-day's, or of getting a skimmed chalky fluid instead of milk with a roof of cream on it. The milkman is not obliged to carry cans. Each goat transports her own supply. No horse or wagon is needed, and no such thing as a milkman's wagon is found on the thoroughfares.

From what humble origins are great words sometimes derived! The goat has given his name to tragedy, the grandest form of dramatic art, while a galaxy of stars preserves in other languages the memory of the Greek word for milk—a word still in common use. There is little connection between a goat and a tragedy to-day; but, strangely enough, my frieze of goats will always be associated with a tragic event which startled Athens.

THERE'S A SPOT IN THE MOUNTAINS.

From F. E. Coates' "Poems." (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

THERE'S a spot in the mountains, where the dew, dear,
Is laden with the odors of the pine,
Where the heavens seem unbounded, and their blue,
dear,
Is deepest where it mirrored seems to shine.

There, at morn and eve, with rapture old and new, dear,
The thrushes sing their double song divine,
And the melody their voices breathe, of you, dear,
Speaks ever to this happy heart of mine.

There's a cabin in the mountains, where the fare, dear,
Is frugal as the cheer of Arden blest;
But contentment sweet and fellowship are there, dear,
And Love, that makes the feast he honors—best!

There's a lake upon the mountains, where our boat, dear,
Moves gayly up the stream or down the tide,
Where, amidst the scented lily-buds, afloat, dear,
We dream the dream of Eden as we glide!

My Aunt Gainor.

From "Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker." (Century Co.)

NEITHER Aunt Gainor's creed, dress, house, nor society pleased my father. She had early made clear, in her decisive way, that I was to be her heir, and she was, I may add, a woman of large estate. I was allowed to visit her as I pleased. Indeed, I did so often. I liked no one better, always excepting my mother. Why, with my father's knowledge of her views, I was thus left free I cannot say. He was the last man to sacrifice his beliefs to motives of gain.

When I knocked at the door of her house on Arch Street, opposite the Friends' Meeting-house, a black boy, dressed as a page, let me in. He was clad in gray armozine, a sort of corded stuff, with red buttons, and he wore a red turban. As my aunt was gone to drive, on a visit to that Madam Penn who was once Miss Allen, I was in no hurry, and was glad to look about me. The parlor, a great room with three windows on the street, afforded a strange contrast to my sombre home. There were Smyrna rugs on a polished floor, a thing almost unheard of. Indeed, people came to see them. The furniture was all of red walnut, and carved in shells and flower reliefs. As to tables, there were so many, little and large, with claw-feet or spindle-legs, that one had to be careful not to overturn their loads of Chinese dragons, ivory carvings, grotesque Delft beasts, and fans, French or Spanish or of the Orient. There was also a spinet, and a corner closet of books, of which every packet brought her a variety. Upstairs was a fair room full of volumes, big and little, as I found to my joy rather later, and these were of all kinds: some good, and some of them queer, or naughty. Over the wide white fireplace was a portrait of herself by the elder Peale, but I prefer the one now in my library. This latter hung, at the time I speak of, between the windows. It was significant of my aunt's idea of her own importance that she should have wished to possess two portraits of herself. The latter was painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds when she was in England, in 1750, and represents her as a fine, large woman, with features which were too big for loveliness in youth, but in after years went well with her abundant gray hair and unusual stature; for, like the rest of us, she was tall, of vigorous and wholesome build and color, with large, well-shaped hands, and the strength of a man—I might add, too, with the independence

of a man. She went her own way, conducted the business of her estate, which was ample, with skill and ability, and asked advice from no one. Like my father, she had a liking to control those about her, was restlessly busy, and was never so pleased as when engaged in arranging other people's lives or meddling with the making of matches.

To this ample and luxurious house came the better class of British officers, and ombre and quadrille were often, I fear, played late into the long nights of winter. Single women, after a certain or uncertain age, were given a brevet title of "Mistress." Mistress Gainor Wynne lost or won with the coolness of an old gambler, and this habit, perhaps more than aught besides, troubled my father. Sincere and consistent in his views, I can hardly think that my father was, after all, unable to resist the worldly advantages which my aunt declared should be mine. It was, in fact, difficult to keep me out of the obvious risks this house and company provided for a young person like myself. He must have trusted to the influence of my home to keep me in the ways of Friends. It is also to be remembered, as regards my father's motives, that my Aunt Gainor was my only relative, since of the Owens none were left.

My mother was a prime favorite with this masterful lady. She loved nothing better than to give her fine silk petticoats or a pearl-colored satin gown; and if this should nowadays amaze Friends, let them but look in the "Observer" and see what manner of finery was advertised in 1778 as stolen from our friend, Sara Fisher, sometime Sara Logan, a much-respected member of meeting. In this, as in all else, my mother had her way, and like some of the upper class of Quakers, wore at times such raiment as fifty years later would have surely brought about a visit from a committee of overseers.

Arctic Scenery for Arctic Animals.

From "The Art of Taxidermy." (Appleton.)

To build up a snow scene the following is recommended:

Take cotton batting and dip it in benzine containing a little Prussian blue—tube color. Squeeze out the benzine and allow the cotton to dry. The cotton will be found to contain a delicate tinge of the blue color all through it. With hot paraffin and a brush, fasten the cotton to the upper surfaces of the woodwork, twigs, etc., varying the depth of the cotton according to circumstances. Heat clean paraffin in a water-bath, and when melted dip out a cupful. For small groups a tooth-brush may be used; for larger groups a stiff hair-brush is better adapted. Dip the brush in a cup of hot paraffin and with a piece of stiff wire or stick of wood "spatter" the hot paraffin over the group, directing the resulting flakes so that they settle in their proper places on the upper surfaces of the cotton, twigs, etc. The snow-storm may be made as fierce or as mild as the operator chooses. If wet snow is desired, hold the brush close to the surface to be covered. The hotter the paraffin the closer it sticks and the smaller the flakes, and vice versa.

To give glitter, when all completed sprinkle on a very little glass frosting, to be procured of dealers in taxidermists' supplies or of a glass-blower.

A City of Roof-Gardens.

From De Windt's "Through the Gold-Fields of Alaska." (Harper.)

FORTY MILE is a city of roof-gardens, not of the fashionable kind usually associated with female beauty, electric light, and Hungarian bands, but gardens of a more practical, if less ornamental, nature. The Yukon roof-garden was invented to keep out the cold, and effectually does so. Moss is generally used for calking the sides of a Forty Mile residence, and a thin layer of it is laid over the flat roof. About a foot of loose dirt is placed over this, which when the dwelling is more than a year old is covered with a rank growth of weeds.

A facetious American newspaper man whom I met at Forty Mile prophesied that in the

prosperous days to come the mowing of the roof will be one of a householder's regular duties.

Forty Mile was long the chief town of the Upper Yukon in the palmy days of the Hudson Bay Company, when furs rather than gold attracted the white man to these desolate regions. A fort was erected in 1895, and is occupied by twenty-five men of the Canadian mounted police, under command of a captain, who acts as governor of the district. All nationalities are represented at Forty Mile—Americans, French, Germans, Russians, and Swedes. I saw only one Englishman, who had given up mining and taken to photography, and the illustration depicting an Arctic summer is from a photograph taken near Forty Mile by this gentleman.



From "Through the Gold-Fields of Alaska to Bering Straits." Copyright, 1898, by Harper & Bros.

"ARCTIC SUMMER," NEAR FORTY MILE CITY.

I Think No More; I Pedal.

From Pene Du Bois' "Love in Friendship." (Meyer.)

AH, my dear Gitana, you change at every turn of the road. . . . With what marvellous emotions of the mind you agitate your life and the lives of others! But do not cultivate the emotion that overcomes you—I am afraid of it for you; my dear Extreme, mistrust yourself, fear to feed a false dream of happiness. Do not say proudly, "*Sempre più*" . . . that frightens me. Take rather the sage device of the Luzys: "More I wish not." I would share it with you willingly.

You pout? Your teacher bothers you? Let us talk of other things.

Therefore, to return to my first subject—my anxiety is a pardonable digression—I want to think that silence of a week was due to the absorbing labor of the revision of your melodies; in that case I forgive you.

What are you doing with them? I like to think that you have received the manuscript, although you have not thought it worth while to let me know. Is it in the publisher's hands? What does he say of it? These are questions in which I am interested and on which I should have liked to be informed.

Your old teacher has a passion, and that passion is his bicycle. If you saw me working on the hills that abound in the country you would laugh. I laugh myself going downhill!

You cannot imagine how that sport absorbs me. Everything is sacrificed to it; I have before me four volumes of Renan which are not even cut. Even flirting is almost absolutely abandoned. I think no longer, I pedal. I am angry with myself for being diverted by the agitated life which I lead. I desire absolutely to make an annual retreat; I need silence and reflection, solitary promenades in the woods, although they do not induce me, as they do you, to become sylvan; I feel very far from your poetic exaltation.

I have a great need of seeing you, it is so long since we have talked! Why are you not near here? We would go to the Mont-Saint-Michel. I had a very pleasant excursion to it the other day. There were on the beach little bluish reflections which I will never forget. They would have transported you, my saintly artist.

A Good Time During a Revolution.

From Felix Gras' "The Terror." (Appleton.)

"THAT isn't the way in Avignon. We manage things better down there. We all know where we are, and we all have a good time. You're White, say, and I'm Red. You're from the streets of the Fustarie, I'm from the Carmelite quarter of the town. Well, when the Reds are on top and are running things we dance rounds and farandoles in all the streets, and we light bonfires, and we're as jolly as we can be. We have our rows, to be sure. The Reds and the Whites fight, of course. That's human nature. But it's all in broad daylight and everybody knows what's going on. Now suppose the Whites get on top. Do things change? Not a bit of it. The farandoles keep on, and we keep on dancing rounds. There are illuminations and the bells ring out Te Deums—and the Reds and the Whites have their fights in broad daylight, just the same.

But we don't have secret murders and we don't have fires. It's mighty seldom that anybody's killed. Only a few wounded, that's all.

"And after a while a peace is patched up between the two parties, and then we *do* have a good time! Then there's a National Festival on the square in front of the Palace of the Popes; then there is high mass with all the music in the Eglise des Doms; then you'll see people hugging and kissing in the street instead of firing pistols at each other, and then everybody goes off to drink together in the same drinking shop.

"Of course, before long, things get tangled up again, and off they go at their fighting. But no matter what happens, everybody is out in the streets having a jolly time of it, and the air is ringing with White songs or Red songs, and along with both of them we always have the jingle of our bells! Oh, how good it will be to find ourselves once more in our dear Avignon!"

"All the same," said William the Patriot, as he shook the ashes out of his pipe into the fireplace—"all the same, you had some pretty bad days down there."

"You mean the killing of La Glacière? Yes, that was bad—as bad as it could be. But it lasted for just one night, and that was the end of it. In a single night we got rid of all our bad blood, and then the next day everybody was sorry for it. Reds and Whites joined together in a solemn service to show that they really were sorry, and then everything was all right again. It was because a few brutes got to the front—monsters like Surto and La Jacarasse and Calisto—that it happened at all. And nothing like it ever has happened again. Squabbles and rows in plenty there have been since, but always in broad daylight—and to tell the truth, there has been more noise than harm.

"Now, I shall never forget that tenth of June, when the Whites, led by the ci-devant Monsieur de Rochegude, tried to get back the Hôtel de Ville and set up again the Vice Legate. There were five or six hundred Aristos on the Place de l'Horloge, and they were armed with guns and had a cannon. They were packed thick in front of the Hôtel de Ville, and they were determined that the Reds from the Carmelite quarter should not come to help the City Council penned up inside. Well, a Municipal Guard—one of the reddest of the Reds—came right into the thick of them on his way to join his battalion over in the Rue des Grands-Carmes. The Whites pounced on him in no time, and dragged him across the Place de l'Horloge, shouting 'Death to him! Death to him!' and they stood him up to shoot him in front of the Hôtel de Ville. But one of the Whites got in front of him and said that shooting him would be a black crime, and it shouldn't be done. And that happened three or four times.

"Each time they tried to shoot him somebody stopped it that way. But they did think that they ought to scare him, so they tied him to the mouth of the cannon and said that they meant to blow him to bits. They kept him tied that way for two hours, and the flies bothered him dreadfully. Every now and then the cannoneer would flourish his linstock under the poor man's nose and singe his whiskers, and would tell him that the time had come and that he'd better make his peace with God. And some of them pricked him with their bayonets,

and they did try to scare him all they could. But the end of it was that they untied him and told him to go about his business. And making fun like that is just our Avignon way."

It Has Come to Me.

From Mrs. Willard's "A Son of Israel." (Lippincott.)

DAVID was staring at his work-bench. . . .

"Good-bye," said John again.

"Good-bye," answered David, dreamily, and John went slowly downstairs, while David went as slowly to his bench and began to make a rough sketch on a piece of paper. After a few rapid strokes he cried:

"So, that will do. Look you hither now, John Pemberton, the ewer and basin shall be ready within a month. It has come to me!" He looked around. "Gone! I remember now he said 'Good-bye'." He sat down again at his bench and took the ewer in his hands, turning it round and round, comparing its shape with the sketch.

"Yes, you will do," he murmured. "The hills looking toward Lebanon. Here in the concave of the bowl shall be one of the western valleys, surrounded by the hills; on the convex side the vine, olive, and fig-tree shall put forth their branches and shall come up to the edge with rich bosses of fruit and leaf." He pulled a bar of silver from a drawer in his bench and began shaving it into his smelting-pot. "I shall need a lining to my basin to make the design perfect. The bosses of vine and fruit round the edge I'll contrive so cunningly the most clever smith shall not be able to detect the join."

He put the smelting-pot into the forge-fire and worked away at the bellows.

"On the ewer I'll carve a cedar tree with a woman of Israel seated under the branches carding wool."

He gathered the tools he would need into a heap close by his hand, tied on his leather apron, and began to draw the design on the basin while the silver was smelting.

Sounds came up from the street; a man was crying out salted cucumbers for sale, another was selling fresh water. About two in the afternoon Salome came quietly up the stairs and put her head round the open door. Seeing he was so engrossed, she sat down on the threshold with the basin in her lap, and there she sat for a full hour watching him, nor did she stir until David paused and stretched his arms to relieve them; then she said:

"Does the work go well?"

"What, little rogue, art thou there?"

"Yes, and here's thy basin, washed clean this time." She ran across the room and set it on the table. "What art thou about now?"

"The ewer and basin," he answered, smiling.

"Hath God spoken to thee, then?"

"Yea, He hath spoken." David put out his hand and drew the child to his side and showed her what progress he had made. He had marked out the design in pencil on the basin, and already the leaves and bunches of fruit were beginning to show under his hammer.

"I have something to tell thee," she suddenly cried. "Just before I carried back thy basin a carriage came into the street and the coachman asked for David Rheba, the silversmith. Now, who can it be?"

BY THE SEA.

From Stephen Phillips' "Poems." (Lane.)

REMEMBER, ah, remember, how we walked Together on the sea-cliff! You were come From bathing in the ocean, and the sea Was not yet dry upon your hair: together We walked in the wet wind till we were far From voices, even from the thoughts of men. Remember how on the warm beach we sat By the old barque, and in the smell of tar; While the full ocean on the pebbles dropped, And in our ears the intimate low wind Of noon, that breathing from some ancient place, Blew on us merest sleep and pungent youth. So deeply glad we grew that in pure joy Closer we came; your wild and wet dark hair Slashed in my eyes your essence and your sting. We had no thought; we troubled not to speak; Slowly your head fell down upon my breast, In the soft breeze the acquiescing sun; And the sea-bloom, the color of calm wind, Was on your cheek; like children then we kissed, Innocent with the sea and pure with air; My spirit fled into thee. The moon climbed, The sea foamed nearer, and we two arose; But ah, how tranquil from that deep embrace, And with no sadness from that natural kiss: Beautiful indolence was on our brains, And on our limbs, as we together swayed Between the luminous ocean and dark fields. We two in vivid slumber without haste, Returned; while veil on veil the heaven was bared; And a new glory was on land and sea, And the moist evening fallow, richly dark, Sent up to us the odor cold of sleep, The infinite sweet of death: so we returned, Delaying ever, calm companions, Peacefully slow beside the moody heave Of the moon-brilliant billow to the town.

A Chip of the Old Block.

From Elliott's "The Durket Sperret." (Henry Holt & Co.)

GATHERING up the wood, she went into the house to her grandmother's room.

It was low, and the walls, finished up to the rafters with wood, were painted gray, spattered with white. A pine bedstead, with tall posts, and piled into a dumpling with feather beds, filled one corner. In another corner there stood a high chest of drawers, above which hung a spotted looking-glass and some peacock feathers. A spinning-wheel, a small table full of dusty odds and ends, a large rocking-chair, covered with a patchwork quilt, and a few splint-bottomed chairs, finished the furnishing of the room. In the rocking-chair, close to the great fireplace, sat an old man, and an old woman stood near a window catching the last light on her work.

She had been a handsome woman once, and, like Hannah, was tall; but here the likeness ended. Mrs. Warren's face was sharp and hard, the girl's face was grave and strong; Mrs. Warren's eyes were keen, while Hannah's eyes were thoughtful, almost sad. Further, Mrs. Warren's temper and tongue were famous, while Hannah seemed still and gentle. Perhaps time was needed to reveal Hannah; perhaps the temper of her grandmother had made her esteem peace as the greatest good. Each son had had to take his wife away, and Hannah's father had only come back after his wife's death, when, seeing that his father needed him, he stayed. A gentle, patient man; he could put up with the temper his mother, whose maiden name had been Durket, was proud to call the "Durket sperret." With regard to his child, he knew that no real harm would come to any creature absolutely dependent on his mother. "Her own" meant a great deal to Mrs. Warren. Her sons' wives she had looked

on as aliens. The kitchen stove, introduced by one of these unworthies, had caused the final breaking up of the family. The young woman had declared the open fireplace to be old-fashioned, and her husband bought the stove. The "Durket sperret" could not stand this, and the young people had to go, but not the stove; Mrs. Warren kept that, and for the future vented much of her superfluous wrath on it.

As Hannah entered, Mrs. Warren turned sharply.

"I wonder you don't git tired a-playin' nigger, Hannah Warren," was her greeting. The girl put down and arranged the wood before she answered:

"That is wuss things," then stood looking down into the fire. Straight as a young poplar, with the grace and roundness of perfect strength and youth in every curve, Hannah, in her scant black frock, was dowered with a beauty rare in any class. A grave, clear-cut face, waving brown hair taken straight back and twisted in a knot, a full throat that showed exquisitely white where the little faded shawl fell away from it, and hands that, if hard and brown, were very shapely.

Her grandmother looked at her intently as she stood there, and grumbled a little under her breath.

"Ain't you none better, Gramper?" Hannah asked pityingly of the old man, bent nearly double in his chair.

"I'm some easier," he answered patiently, "but I'm tore up a-steddyin' 'bout the crap."

"The crap wouldn't count if Hannah had a shavin' o' sense," the old woman struck in sharply.

"Supper's ready, Granny," Hannah said, and left the room.

The Monsters from Mars.

From Wells' "War of the Worlds." (Harper.)

AND this Thing I saw! How can I describe it? A monstrous tripod, higher than many houses, striding over the young pine-trees, and smashing them aside in its career; a walking engine of glittering metal, striding now across the heather; articulate ropes of steel dangling from it, and the clattering tumult of its passage mingling with the riot of the thunder. A flash, and it came out vividly, heeling over one way with two feet in the air, to vanish and reappear almost instantly as it seemed, with the next flash, a hundred yards nearer. Can you imagine a milking-stool tilted and bowled violently along the ground? That was the impression those instant flashes gave. But instead of a milking-stool imagine it a great body of machinery on a tripod stand.

Then suddenly the trees in the pine-wood ahead of me were parted, as brittle reeds are parted by a man thrusting through them; they were snapped off and driven headlong, and a second huge tripod appeared, rushing, as it seemed, headlong toward me. And I was galloping hard to meet it! At the sight of the second monster my nerve went altogether. Not stopping to look again, I wrench'd the horse's head hard round to the right, and in another moment the dog-cart had heeled over upon the horse; the shafts smashed noisily, and I was flung sideways and fell heavily into a shallow pool of water.

I crawled out almost immediately, and crouched, my feet still in the water, under a clump of furze. The horse lay motionless (his neck was broken, poor brute!) and by the lightning flashes I saw the black bulk of the overturned dog-cart and the silhouette of the wheel still spinning slowly. In another moment the colossal mechanism went striding by me and passed uphill toward Pyrford.

Seen nearer, the Thing was incredibly strange, for it was no mere insensate machine driving on its way. Machine it was, with a ringing metallic pace, and long, flexible, glittering tentacles (one of which gripped a young pine-tree) swinging and rattling about its strange body. It picked its road as it went striding along, and the brazen hood that surmounted it moved to and fro with the inevitable suggestion of a head looking about it. Behind the main body was a huge mass of white metal like a gigantic fisherman's basket, and puffs of green smoke squirted out from the joints of the limbs as the monster swept by me. And in an instant it was gone.

Awaiting Madam's Pleasure.

From Weyman's "Shrewsbury." (Longmans, Green & Co.)

I HALTED in surprise on the threshold of a lofty and splendid room suffused with rose-tinted light and furnished with a luxury to which I had been hitherto a stranger. The walls, hung with gorgeous French tapestry, presented a succession of palaces and hunting scenes, interspersed with birds of strange and tropical plumage, between which and the eyes were scattered a profusion of Japanese screens, cabinets, and tables, with some of those quaint Dutch idols, brought from the East, which, new to me, were beginning at this time to take the public taste. Embracing the upper half of the room, and also a *rueelle* in which stood a stately bed with pillars of silver, a circle of stronger light, dispersed by lamps cunningly hidden in the ceiling, fell on a suite of furniture of rose brocade and silver, in the great chair of which, with her feet on a foot-stool set upon the open hearth, sat an elderly lady, leaning on an ebony stick. A monkey mewed and gibbered on the back of her chair, and a parrot, vying in brilliance with the broidered birds on the wall, hung by its claws from a ring above her head.

Nor was the lady herself unworthy of the splendor of her surroundings. It is true, her face and piled-up hair, painted and dyed into an extravagant caricature of youth, aped the graces of sixteen, and at the first glance touched the note of the grotesque rather than the beautiful; but it needed only a second look to convince me that with all that she on whom I looked was a great lady of the world, so still she sat, and so proud and dark was the gaze she bent on me over her clasped hands.

At first, it seemed to me, she gazed like one who, feeling a great surprise, has learned to hide that and all other emotions. But presently, "Come in, booby," she cried, in a voice petulant and cracking with age. "Does a woman frighten you? Come nearer, I say. Ay, I have seen your double. But the lamp has gone out."

The woman who had admitted me rustled forward.

"It has sunk a little, perhaps, madam," she said, in a smooth voice. "But I—"

"But you are a fool," the lady cried. "I meant the lamp in the man, silly. Do you think that anyone who has ever seen him would take that block of wood for my son? Give him a brain and light a fire in him, and spark up those oyster eyes, and—turn him round, turn him round, woman!"

"Turn," Smith muttered, in a fierce whisper.

"Ay," the lady cried, as I went to obey, "see his back, and he is like enough!"

"And, perhaps, madam, strangers—"

"Strangers? They'd be strange, indeed, man, to be taken in by him! But walk him, walk him. Do you hear, fellow," she continued, nodding peevishly at me, "hold up your head, and cross the room like a man, if you are one. Do you think the smallpox is in the air, that you fear it! Ha! That is better. And what is your name, I wonder, that you have that nose and mouth, and that turn of the chin?"

"Charles Taylor," I made bold to answer, though her eyes went through me, and killed the courage in me.

"Ay, Charles, that is like enough," she replied. "And Taylor, that was your mother's. It is a waiting-woman's name. But who was your father, my man?"

"Charles Taylor, too," I stammered, falling deeper and deeper into the lie.

"Odds my eyes, no!" she retorted, with an ugly grin, and shook her piled-up head at me, "and you know it! Come nearer!" and then, when I obeyed, "take that for your lie!" she cried, and, leaning forward with an activity I did not suspect, she aimed a blow at me with her ebony cane, and catching me smartly across the shins, made me jump again.

Lady Diana Meets the Elephant.

From "Her Ladyship's Elephant." (Holt.)

CERTAINLY, thought the elephant, things might be worse; and after a bath in a neighboring fountain, which cost the lives of some two score of goldfish, he really felt refreshed, and approached the palace, which he considered rather dingy, in order to pay his respects to its owner. Coming round to the front of the building, he discovered a marble terrace, gleaming white in the sunshine, and flanked by two groups of statuary: Hercules with his club, and Diana with her bow; though, being unacquainted with Greek mythology, he did not recognize them as such. On the terrace itself was set a breakfast-table resplendent with silver and chaste with fair linen; and by it sat a houri, holding a sunshade over her golden head. The elephant, wishing to conciliate this vision of beauty, advanced toward her, trumpeting gently; but his friendly overtures were evidently misinterpreted, for the houri, giving a wild scream, dropped her sunshade and fled for safety to the shoulders of Hercules, from which vantage-point she called loudly for help.

Feeling that such conduct was indecorous in the extreme, he ignored her with a lofty contempt; and, having tested the quality of the masonry, ventured upon the terrace and inspected the feast. There were more nectarines—but he had had enough of those—and something steaming in a silver vessel, the like of which he remembered to have encountered once

before in the bungalow of a sahib. Moreover, he had not forgotten how it spouted a boiling liquid when one took it up in one's trunk. At this moment a shameless female slave appeared at a window, in response to the cries of the houri, and abused him. He could not, it is true, understand her barbarous language; but the tone implied abuse. Such an insult from the scum of the earth could not be allowed to pass unnoticed. He filled his trunk with water from a marble basin near at hand and squirted it at her with all his force, and the scum of the earth departed quickly.

It would be well, thought the elephant, to find the "Damconsul" before further untoward incidents could occur; and with this end in view he turned himself about, preparatory to leaving the terrace. He forgot, however, that marble may be slippery; his hind legs suddenly slid from under him, and he sat hurriedly down on the breakfast-table. It was at this singularly inopportune moment that Lady Diana appeared upon the scene.

A Wonderful Voice.

From Le Gallienne's "The Romance of Zion Chapel." (Lane.)

IT was a voice so sympathetic, so intimate, that it almost seemed too intimate, too appealingly sympathetic. It was so a woman might recite to a man she loved, but you almost felt as though the voice were too personal a revelation for an audience—felt an impulse, so to say, to throw a veil over it, though you were glad from your soul that no one threw it.

And the voice was a wonderful actor, too. It could act the scenery as well. You saw it all, you heard it all, you felt it all, in the voice: the great winds blowing shorewards, the wild white horses in the spray,

"The white-walled town,
And the little gray church on the windy shore";

and when she said, "Down, down, down!" you were indeed in the very depths of the sea—and were all sitting, Mr. Moggridge with the rest, amid coral caves and seaweed, and in a curious green and shimmering light.

But what a world of heart-break there was in her "Come, dear children, come away!" You felt you simply couldn't bear her to say it again. Next time you'd have to cry, and cry you did, and weren't ashamed, for suddenly, when you came out of the trance of the voice, you found that everyone else was crying too, and Mr. Londonderry had quite forgotten that he was a chairman, and had to be nudged to announce the next piece.

This was a very strange poem, and made you feel like a stained-glass window; it was full of incense, but it was full of something else too. It began

"The blessed damozel leaned out
From the gold bar of heaven". . .

and there was something in the voice that suggested such a height up above the world that you drew your breath lest she should fall over. And there was a lover crying in the poem, you could hear him crying far away down on the earth, and there were some lines which went:

"We two will lie i' the shadow of
That mystic living tree
Within whose secret growth the Dove
Is sometimes felt to be" . . .

that made you feel what a strange holy thing love was, after all ; and then there was a curious verse with nothing but women's names in it, yet somehow it seemed the loveliest of all ; and when again you came out of the voice, you were not crying, but feeling wonderfully blest somehow and rather frightened.

Thus did Isabel Strange recite at New Zion ; and perhaps one can best judge of the impression she made from the fact that the little boys at the back, who during the last lecture on "Henrik Ibsen" had discovered a most exciting new way of making continued existence possible, quite forgot it and would have to keep it for Sunday afternoon Sunday-school.

Everyone went home in a dream, and little Jenny shone like a light with the excitement and wonder of it all.

A Fisher of Men.

From Dunbar's "Folks from Dixie."
(Dodd, Mead & Co.)

"WHAT I want is that you will take me fishing as soon as you can. I never get tired of fishing and I am anxious to go here. Tom Scott says you fish a great deal about here."

"Why, we kin go dis ve'y afternoon," exclaimed 'Lias, in relief and delight; "I's mighty fond o' fishin', myse'f."

"All right; I'm in your hands from now on."

'Lias drew his shoulders up, with an unconscious motion. The preacher saw it, and mentally rejoiced. He felt that the first thing the boy beside him needed was a consciousness of responsibility, and the lifted shoulders meant progress in that direction, a sort of physical straightening up to correspond with the moral one.

On seeing her son walk in with the minister, Aunt "Ca'line's" delight was boundless. "La! Brothah Dokesbury," she exclaimed, "wha'd you fin' dat scamp?"

"Oh, down the street here," the young man replied, lightly. "I got hold of his name and made myself acquainted, so he came home to go fishing with me."

"'Lias is pow'ful fon' o' fishin', bisse'f. I low he kin show you some mighty good places. Cain't you, 'Lias?"

"I reckon."

'Lias was thinking. He was distinctly grateful that the circumstances of his meeting with the minister had been so deftly passed over. But with a half idea of the superior moral responsibility under which a man in Dokesbury's position labored, he wondered vaguely—to put it in his own thought-words—"ef de preachah hadn't put' nigh lied." However, he was willing to forgive this little lapse of veracity, if such it was, out of consideration for the anxiety it spared his mother.

When Stephen Gray came in to dinner he was no less pleased than his wife to note the terms of friendship on which the minister received his son. On his face was the first smile that Dokesbury had seen there, and he awakened from his taciturnity and proffered much information as to the fishing-places thereabout. The young minister accounted this a distinct gain. Anything more than a frowning silence from the "little yaller man" was gain.

The fishing that afternoon was particularly

good. Catfish, chubs, and suckers were landed in numbers sufficient to please the heart of any amateur angler.

'Lias was happy, and the minister was in the best of spirits, for his charge seemed promising. He looked on at the boy's jovial face, and laughed within himself; for, mused he, "it is so much harder for the devil to get into a cheerful heart than into a sullen, gloomy one." By the time they were ready to go home Harold Dokesbury had received a promise from 'Lias to attend service the next morning and hear the sermon.

There was a great jollification over the fish supper that night, and 'Lias and the minister were the heroes of the occasion. The old man again broke his silence, and recounted, with infinite dryness, ancient tales of his prowess with rod and line; while Aunt "Ca'line" told of famous fish suppers that in the bygone days she had cooked for "de white folks." In the midst of it all, however, 'Lias had disappeared. No one had noticed when he slipped out, but all seemed to become conscious of his absence about the same time. The talk shifted and finally simmered into silence.

When the Rev. Mr. Dokesbury went to bed that night his charge had not yet returned.

Nothing but Books.

From "The Marbeau Cousins." (Rand, McNally & Co.)

THE young woman drove rapidly three miles, crossed the Ravenswood line, and turned her mare into the well-kept road that circled among the hollies and dogwoods and broadened before a picturesque cottage nestling between two giant magnolias. Clematis climbed in and out through a great Lamarque rose that, beginning at the corner of the low veranda, had travelled its whole length, letting down among the purple discs of the vine its clusters of white blossoms. Beds of geraniums, scarlet and salmon, blazed under the morning sky, and giant sunflowers, overrun with morning-glories, nodded in the new-found sunlight, a mass of blue and gold. In the dark green of the magnolias shone the immense and snowy blossoms, and, as if nature had not been prodigal of tints and hues already, a peacock, for the moment startled by the new arrival, spread his wonderful feathers and stood on exhibition.

As Lena tied her horse and entered, a little boy came out of the hallway and stood waiting for her—a slender, dark-haired little fellow, with a complexion like a nun's, and brown eyes that held a strange lambent flame. She knelt quickly and took him in her arms, pressing him again and again to her bosom. A smile overspread his face, a happy little glint of moonshine.

"Aren't you glad to see me, Chilon?" she asked, holding him at arm's length.

"Yes, Aunty," he said, "I am always glad to see you."

"See what aunty has brought you," she said, quickly; "come to the carriage." The package taken from under the seat was large.

"Now, guess what it is!" Smiling down into his grave little face, she held it out of reach.

"A book," he said.

"Wouldn't you wish it something else, Chilon—marbles—a game—toys—?" He shook his

head. "Nothing but books, books, books! Well, a book it is; and such a book!" They went and sat upon the steps, and she took out not one but three volumes. "See, here are your friends, the flowers," she said, pitching her voice in that confidential tone so thrilling to eager little ears, "all in their own colors, with their every-day and Sunday names; and here in one, all the butterflies, beetles, and lacewings, and—ugh! Look at the horrible worms! And here," she continued, triumphantly, "are all the birds you love so well!—see the bluejay! Isn't he natural? and up above him is a mocking-bird building her nest—"

"But she would have run the jay away!" he said, opening his eyes wide.

"She will—as soon as she sees him!" laughed the woman, hurrying on. "And look at the wrens and bluebirds, and indigo-birds and swallows; but take them! they are yours, Chilon!" He took them, dividing the burden under his arms, and with a brighter face than she had seen often put up his lips to kiss her.

"I am much obliged! You are good, Aunty."

"Do you think so, Chilon?"

"Why, yes! Aren't you good, Aunty?"

"God knows!" she murmured, and turned from him.

"And I know, Lena!" A woman was standing in the doorway smiling upon the little scene; a woman about her own height, but older, a trifle stouter, and with a face so radiantly pure and beautiful that the younger woman paused for an instant to gaze into it. "We all know, dear!"

The Beautiful Earth.

From Spofford's "Priscilla's Love-Story." (Herbert S. Stone & Co.)

PRISCILLA had been walking in the garden, where the borders had been uncovered, the paths raked, and all made ready for the first warm weather that should allow the plants to be brought from the greenhouse. She stopped, leaning her arm on the broad parapet which walled one edge of the garden over a considerable precipice under which a rushing brook brawled on its way to the lakes below. Far stretched the tender blue sky with a brooding mother-love across the earth, the earth far-stretching too, with hills and intervals all mirroring the soft azures of the heaven, shadowing under passing clouds to violet that melted into the sombre depth of great forests, into the green gilding of springing wheat, the dun gold of dry ploughed fields—all large and lovely and full of life. As she leaned there and looked out, suddenly she felt herself suffused with joy, as if on the instant she had recognized the inner meaning of all nature, the hidden things of creation—had for the first time understood that earth was so beautiful, fate was so kind, God was so near. As her glance came back from the peacefulness of the great view it fell on a little mother-bird sitting serenely in her lately built nest and regarding her fearlessly with her soft black eye. Tears rushed to Priscilla's eyes, tears of a quick delight; she moved gently away, followed by that fearless glance. "I will not hurt you, little bird," she said; "we are just two mothers together!"

Appassionato Subito.

From "The Duenna of a Genius." (Little, Brown & Co.)

His thoughts were full of music, and, of a sudden, music fell upon his ear—his own music, his Rêverie, played with wonderful tenderness and expression on the violin. His first and predominant sensation was that of surprise—surprise, not at the unusualness of hearing music in such a place and at such an hour, but that his Rêverie, written for the piano, should adapt itself so exquisitely to the violin. He listened spell-bound, the beauty of the theme—his theme, conceived by his own brain, his own heart—intoxicating him as it had not done even in the first ecstasy of composition. He was carried away by his own passion, uplifted by his own desire. Tears stood in his eyes, and yet he smiled. Then all at once it was borne in upon him that the unseen musician was an artist, more than an artist—a genius. Only a genius could give evidence of such sympathy, such intuition, such extraordinary power. Why, he divined that which had eluded Waldenek himself; he brought to light secrets of which the Master had lost the key. This instrument of his could convey emotions of which he had indeed been conscious, but to which he had been unable to give adequate expression.

The last note died away, and Waldenek, springing to his feet, hastened toward the spot from which they had come.

From beneath the shadow of the firs a figure glided forth to meet him. The music had lifted Valérie, too, completely out of herself, sweeping away all hesitation, all fear, the last vestige of self-consciousness. She stood fully revealed now, her little transfigured face upraised, her white dress bathed in sunlight, her ruffled brown hair turning to gold in the morning rays. Waldenek paused, astonished, transfixed. What was this vision? A child, a sprite, the Spirit of the Woods? Then he took a step nearer and looked into her luminous, inspired eyes. Heavens! No—it was a woman!

"Who are you?" he cried, in tones which vibrated with emotion. "What are you? How do you come here?"

"I followed you," said Valérie; then, without waiting for further speech, she began to play again, a Prière of Waldenek's, which had won for him thunderous applause in London, but which had not been included in the programme of the preceding night.

Waldenek felt as it were bewitched. A less impressionable man would have succumbed to the glamour of the scene and of the hour, the magic of the strange, beautiful little personality, the romance, the unusualness of this meeting, and when the peculiar susceptibilities, the somewhat insecure balance, the impulses and enthusiasms of a highly wrought artistic nature are taken into consideration, it is not surprising that as Waldenek listened he gradually lost control over himself. It was his own music to which he was listening, his own thought, his creation; and yet mingled with it was something else. Through the sadness of his theme he could hear an underlying note of deeper pathos; added to his pleading there was a yet more moving, more desperate, appeal. While she played it seemed to him that his own soul and hers were beseeching Heaven—for what?

At length Valérie, pausing, let the hand which held the bow drop by her side and looked straight into the Master's face, while over her own flashed one of her exquisite smiles.

"You can make your heart speak," she said, "but I can make it sing."

The Wedding at Camelot.

From "Cian of the Chariots." (Lothrop.)

THE wedding, as intended, was then two days away; and all agreed in clinging to the set scheme of things as though no enemy were near—Aurélia, because there could be no better encouragement of the defenders; Guinevere, because it sealed her triumph if rescue should reach them, and to have been an empress, though but for an hour, could not make her lot the worse with Cerdic; Arthur, by reason of dominant will and real impatient love; Caradoc, to please them all, and show the dogged Saxon a something in British pride more dogged still.

Nevertheless, what had been the second ring of earthwork was torn from them the very night before the marriage-day; and all through the morning the struggle was desperate over the outer one of the two which remained, in the eagerness of the invader to break through before the ceremony and seize the bride. But at noon it still held, and Caradoc said:

"Emperor or no, a bridegroom is a bridegroom. Don your fine feathers, my Emperor. I will stand them off yet a while, and let the priests and processionizers work their will on you."

"But we shall need you to give away the bride."

"Oh, anybody will fight for me those few moments. Hammered mail must be my wed-ding-garment. Hasten!"

Then Arthur, smiling as a commander who finds it arch to obey, went quickly up into the town. More stress and strain of care went with him than ever with a man before on what should be his happiest day.

Yet the whooping uproar for which he listened came not then, nor even later, when festal figures in diverse bravery wound through the streets gorgeous even in distant view, and every bell in Camelot rang out defiantly the coming of the bride. There were those, women chiefly, who rejoiced aloud that the Saxons were too cowed to venture more that day. Arthur looked grave; then all foreboding was lost in the loveliness trembling beside him. But it was no maiden tremor of Guinevere, nor any doubt of her matronly future. Even as they passed up the great cathedral aisle, her terror broke in a cry, and she clung to him as with a spasm; for a more hideous din than ever before—shrill, outlandish, multitudinously jangled—had that moment broken forth also. It verily beat at wall and window and door, rising, as they stood before the prelate, with indescribable change and accession and keen metallic resonances.

The Emperor, clutching hard his sword-hilt, half turned from bride and altar, then held himself there perforce with a groan, bidding every man leave them with all speed. He bade also the service go on; for doubtless, when the proper time should come, there would be one to give away the bride. Also from minute to minute he listened, elate that the sound came no nearer, but seemed rather to stay and sway.

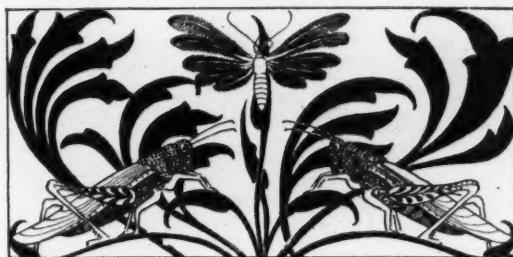
With the outpealing of the first chant a message came from Caradoc, by one no longer fit for any fighting, but who stumbled as he came, that the prince might not leave quite yet, but would surely be there soon, despite Saxon and Devil.



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A. H. Smythe, 41 S. High St., Columbus, O.
My Pupil and I, by R. S. Holmes.

Society Library, 109 University Pl., N. Y.
Boston Public Library Bulletin, no. 45, 1878.
Notes and Queries; Index to series 3 and 5.

Stanton's Old City Book Store, Wheeling, W. Va.
Mulholland, Hetty Gray.
Stannard, Those Girls.
Lawless, Millionaire's Cousin.
Gaboriau, Other People's Money.
Watson, Men and Times of the Revolution.
Kavanagh, John Dorrien.
Dumas, Ange Pitou, v. 1. Little, Brown & Co.
Personal Recollections of the War of the Rebellion, 2d series. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Pattengill, Old Glory Speaker.
Behrens, Lora.
Sand, Mauprat.
Books relating to history, etc., of Odd Fellows.

W. F. Stevens, 361 Madison Ave., N. Y.
Railroad Gazette, Feb. 14, 1890.

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 Stephens' History of France. Pub. by Harper.

Montgomery Ward & Co., 111 to 120 Michigan Ave., Chicago.
 Living Words, or Bible Truths and Lessons, by James Parsons.
 Sawed Off Sketches.

Rees Welsh & Co., N. W. corner 9th and Sansom Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.
Wilkes' Spirit of the Times, 1864 to '72.

Wesleyan University Library, Middletown, Conn.
 Bulletins of the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Harvard College: III., 2; V., 2-6; XIII., 7; XVII., 5, 6; XXI., 4; XXXIII., 5; XXV., 2, 4, 6.
Quarterly Journal of Economics, Jan., 1887.
 Kelly's American Catalogue, 1866-71.
 Roerbach's Bibliotheca Americana, Supplements, 1855-58, 1858-61.
New Englander, March, 1892.
 Bulletins of the Boston Public Library, nos. 1-3, 19, 20, 46, 54-56.

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